Rich. We will our ſelfe in perſon to this warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,
And liberall Largeſſe, are growne ſomewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farme our royall Realme,
The revenew whereof ſhall furniſh us
For our affaires in hand: if they come ſhort.
Our ſubſttutes at home ſhall have Blancke-charters:
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſummes of Gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants:
For we will make for Ireland preſently.

Enter Buſhy.

Buſhy, what newes?

Bu. Old *Iohn a Gaunt* is very ſicke my Lord,
Sodainely taken, and hath ſent poſt haſte
To entreat your Maieſty to viſite him.

Rich. Where lyes he?

Bu. At Ely-houſe.

Rich. Now put it (heaven) in his Phyſitians mind,
To helpe him to his grave immediately:
The linning of his coffers ſhall make Coates
To decke our Souldiers for theſe Iriſh warres.
Come Gentlemen, let's all go viſit him:
Pray heaven we may make haſte, and come too late, *Exit.*

Actus Secundus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Gaunt ſicke, with the Duke of Yorke.

Gau. Will the King come, that I may breath my laſt
In wholſome counſell to his unſtayd youth?

Yor. Vex not your ſelfe, nor ſtrive not with your breath
For all in vaine comes counſell to his eare.

Gau. Oh but (they ſay) the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention, like deepe harmony;

Where

Where words are ſcarſe, they ar
For they breath truth, that breath
He that no more muſt ſay, is lif
Then they whom youth and ea
More are mens ends mark'd, the
The ſetting Sunne, and muſick
As the laſt taſte of ſweetes, is ſ
Writ in remembrance, more the
Though *Richard* my lives cour
My deaths ſad tale, may yet un

Yor. No, it is ſtopt with other
As prayſes of his ſtate: then t
Lacivious Meeters, to whoſe
The open eares of youth doth
Report of faſhions in proud It
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardy
Limpes after in baſe imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt fo
So it be new, there's no reſp
That is not quickly buzz'd into
That all too late comes counſe
Where will doth mutiny with
Direct not him, whoſe way hi
Tis breath thou lackſt, and tha

Gaunt. Me thinkes I am a P
And thus expiring doe forete
His raſh fierce blaze of Ryot
For violent fires ſoone burne
Small ſhoures laſt long, but ſo
He tyres betimes, that ſpurs to
With eager feeding food do
Light vanity, inſatiat coemo
Conſuming meanes ſoone pr
This royall Throne of Kings,
This earth of Majeſty, this
This other Eden, demy Par
This Fortres built by nature
Againſt infection, and the ha

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